

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MAUMEE CITY.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICE.
Canal street.

STATE LAND OFFICE,
Erie street.

REED & HOSMER,
Book & Job Printers, Maumee Express Office,
Wolcott street.

H. L. HOSMER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Commercial
Buildings.

DANIEL F. COOK,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

MAY & YOUNG,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

N. RATHBUN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

HENRY REED,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

BENNETT & MORTON,
Attorneys, Counsellors and Solicitors,
Toledo, Ohio.

NATHAN RATHBUN,
Justice of the Peace.

HORATIO CONANT,
Justice of the Peace.

JUSTUS DWIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon.

DAVID B. SCOTT,
Physician and Surgeon.

HUNT & CONVERSE,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street.

S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street.

WHITE & KIRTLAND,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street.

FORSYTH & HAZARD,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
Water street.

BINGHAM & FUREY,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
Water street.

SPENCER & MOORE,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries & Crockery,
Erie street.

ELISHA MACK,
Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries and Crockery,
Front street.

RANNEY, RICHARDSON, & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c.,
corner of Conant and Front street.

O. WILLIAMS,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery,
&c. Erie street.

B. D. COFFIN,
Clothing &c. &c. Erie street.

ACKER & KANADY,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing &c. &c.,
Canal street.

IRA WHITE,
Dry Goods, Books &c. Canal street.

T. W. CROWELL,
Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, De-
troit street.

DOAN & EARL,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery
&c. Wolcott street.

G. C. NOBLE,
Groceries & Provisions, Wolcott street.

A. G. WILLIAMS,
Groceries and Provisions.

R. HASTINGS,
Groceries and Provisions.

A. CARY,
Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Paints,
Oils &c. Front st.

BOYNTON & GANNETT,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware
&c. Front street.

A. J. HACKLEY,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Provisions, Stoves, Iron &c. &c.,
Wolcott street.

GOWER & CLARKE,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
&c., Conant street.

J. J. BANGS,
Watch Maker, Jeweller &c. Erie street.

J. S. MEACHAM,
Tailor, over the old Post Office, Erie street.

G. S. CASE,
Tailor, corner of Erie and Conant streets.

ALLEN & GIBBONS,
Groceries and Provisions, Front street.

GRIFFITH, TYLER & CO.,
Dealers in Groceries, Liquors and Provisions,
Erie street.

JAMES HOWE,
Dealer in Groceries Liquors and Provisions,
Erie street.

T. T. WOODRUFF,
Carriage and Wagon Maker.

J. CREED,
Cabinet and Chair Factory, Gilding, Glazing,
&c. Wayne Street.

J. WOODRUFF,
Painter, Glazier and Chair Factory, Detroit
street.

J. F. SHEPARD,
Sash and Blind Manufacturer, corner of Tap-
pan and Summit street.

JEFFERSON HOUSE,
William Kingsbury, Erie street.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
J. W. Converse, Canal street.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
Allen & Gibbons, Erie street.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Woodruff & Clarke, Wolcott street.

PERRYBURG,
I. STETSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

DOAN & EARL,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

HALL & RUDESELL,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
Ready made clothing, &c.

C. E. WOODRUFF,
Tin and Sheet Iron Worker.

MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1838.

Number 41.

POETRY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

I CAN'T DECIDE.

I can't decide, I can't decide!
And know not what to do;
I'm so perplex'd, and teased, and tried,
Between my suitors two,
The charms of each I fairly scan,
I weigh their merits well;
But which must be the happy man,
Is more than I can tell.

I ponder on't but cannot see
Which way the odds incline;
Sir William, he is sixty-three,
Sir Paul is sixty-nine.
'Tis three to one in point of age,
And that's a difference wide;
But hear me out, and I'll engage
You'll say I can't decide.

I've thought it o'er from week to week;
The odds may thus be told—
Sir William has a blooming cheek,
Sir Paul has bags of gold.
Sir William's fair; well shaped and tall,
He has my heart 'tis clear;
But there's pin money with Sir Paul,
Three thousand pounds a year.

My choice unfixed between them floats,
With equal claims they stand;
This has a hand at tender notes,
That tender notes of hand.
On either side they rise to view,
'Tis quite perplexing still;
Here I see many a billet-doux,
There does on many a bill.

Sir William is a charming youth—
So well he plays and sings;
And then he vows eternal truth,
And says such tender things.
Sir Paul's a dull old stupid bore—
The truth can't be denied—
But who'll refuse a coach and four?
Indeed, I can't decide.

I can't decide—but hark! I hear
Sir Paul, as I'm alive!
"I said three thousand pounds a year,
But now I'll make it five.
Five thousand pounds! my stars! the die
Is cast, and I'm your bride!
Fate has ordained it; so I'll cry
No more 'I can't decide!'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEMI-MORAL ESSAYS.

BY A RETIRED LADIES MAN.

NO. I.

Among the myriad of flowers that spring up before us, as we tread the devious pathway of human existence, there is none whose dew-gems glitter more brightly in the sun of happiness, than those which herald the return of the festival of the Nativity. I speak not here of the Christian's peace, that passeth all understanding, and which none other than an inspired pen can describe, nor of the substantial feasts, the mysterious mistle-boughs and the rollicking joys of our honest-hearted ancestors, whose exploits have been recorded by many an abler pen, but of certain observances, partaking of the character of both, and in which the religious and the ludicrous are often so intimately intermingled as to produce the most pleasant and laughter-loving effects. That my readers may remain no longer in doubt as to the subject of this essay, they are informed that it relates to that previous preparation which our church undertakes for the celebration of Christmas eve. Ye who would scorn to turn aside from your race after wealth or power or notoriety, to pluck the bright evergreens that grow in your path, can little imagine the importance of an event like this to those whose aspirations are more humble, and whose means of enjoyment lie within a more confined circle, more accessible, and more secure. Christmas is quite an event. The heart is opened by the recollections of the scenes of which it is the anniversary, and charities pure as the dews of heaven and as gentle as an April shower, flow forth, cheering both the heart of the giver and the receiver.

Every one knows that on the occasion alluded to, the church, according to immemorial custom, is to be decked with boughs typical of the scenery that surrounded those who first received the glad announcement, "A Saviour is born." The arrangement of this forest scene is usually done by the young ladies, under the direction of the matrons. To us, the ladies men, is given the task of providing the material, in consideration of which, and of the torn coats and other accidents, which accompany the fulfillment of such a mission, we are allowed to assist in the subsequent operations. The married men, for some reason or other, are generally excluded, and if by chance, some unfortunate wight of that class does intrude his unwelcome countenance into the circle, he is so rudely rebuffed by the universal silence that his presence creates, that his room is better than his company.

The proper disposition of the ornaments is a matter of no little importance to the matronly part of the assembly, who hold long and deep consultations upon the dropping of a festoon, the disposition of a bough or the classical winding of a pillar, while the maidens, distributed in various parts of the building, are engaged in the detail, and their tongues keep up emulous strife with the industry of their fingers. Nor are the beaux idle. Many an opportunity oc-

curs where their skill is requisite in the operation of tying up, and many a pressure of the fingers is made under the veil of a sprig of pine or cedar. In fact, under the masked battery of this elderly ladies, the maidens seem to take peculiar liberties in playing off their charms upon the beaux, who, equally encouraged by the sly nods and winks of the knowing ones, are sure to repay the disposition for flirtation, shown by their lady-loves, with interest. Then there are a thousand little contrivances by which the fair operatives can evince their skill and neatness. Fruit, rivaling in color the apples that tempted Atlanta, composed of hen's eggs dipped in melted bees-wax, glows among the verdant branches—flowers, daintily cut in white paper, blush and smile by their side—candles, taper as the delicate fingers that moulded them, raise their heads from the clusters of evergreen, and the work grows up to form and beauty under the hands of the beautiful artists amid the approbation of the lovers, and the smile of those who have accomplished it.

How beautiful every thing appears, in the light of the preparations for Christmas. The beauty of the practice of decorating the church with boughs that by their perpetual greenness figure forth the perpetuity of our holy religion, the interesting spectacle of the young and joyous, mingling happily and cheerfully in the work; the exuberant spirits of youth breaking out from hearts unsullied with crime, and unbroken by trouble; the gaiety and unrestrainedness of the intercourse on such occasions, which not even the presence of the more mature can suppress, serves to give a character of innocent happiness to the scene such as a saint in heaven might look upon with a smile of approbation. More; Love is the child of opportunity, and many a time does he shoot his darts from among the green boughs of cedar and pine, at the young spirits that cluster around, and many an innocent heart is wounded when it least suspects its danger, nor does it recover, until, perhaps, a second visit to the same church, and a benediction, converts, under another display of white flowers, scarfs, gloves and bride's favors, the burning love into the sober affection of married life, a more rational and enduring flame.

An Editor's D*****G.

"Well, Mr. Printer, I've brought you some wheat; where do you want to put it?"

"I will show you. You wish credit for it on your account?"

"Yes, I think it time that I paid something."

"Very well, sir, 'every little helps' and this comes at a very scarce time."

"How are you sir?"

"I am well sir—take a seat."

"I have brought a fine ham to pay for my paper—What do you allow a pound?"

"The highest market price."

"This weighs twenty pounds, I wish you to give me credit for it."

"What's the news to-day, Mr. Editor; any from Europe?"

"There is something said about the cholera Reform Bill, French politics, War in Turkey, &c.;—here is a paper containing the latest dates."

Reads under the head of "Miscellaneous."—"The printer is not like a chameleon—he cannot live on wind, although he sometimes puffs—he eats vegetables, meat and bread, when his subscribers pay for their papers."

"I'm a thinking sir, that a little money would not come amiss to you; here are three dollars for my paper—please put it down on your book; I will try to be more punctual in future."

"I want to take your paper—and here is one dollar in advance."

"Do you want any wood to-day?"

"Yes sir, on newspaper account."

"I have a couple of cords I want to go that way."

"Will you take eight or nine bushels of oats on my newspaper account?"

"Yes, sir, and glad to get them."

"Are you the printer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take an order on one of the stores for three dollars?"

"An order on any of the stores in town, will answer."

"Every trade must live,—here's an advertisement, offering a splendid assortment of goods for sale, enumerating many of the articles; call at my store and you shall have your pay. I'm not one of those men who would spoil a jack knife to skin a fiend."

"I want you to put an advertisement in the paper for five or six Journeymen—I must have more hands or I shall lose my customers."

"Here's a county order I want you to take for my paper."

"It is as good as cash."

"I suppose you will take a pair of shoes on my account."

"Yes, sir, all kinds of work?"

"Please to look over your books and tell me the amount of my advertising bill; I will pay you."

"Can you print a job that will come to about twenty dollars, this week?"

"Yes sir."

"I will leave the money with you now. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty—Whe! Reader, there is not a word of the above true; it's all a dream."

PRIVATE LIBRARY.—There is one private library in this country, exclusively American, which we would give a splendid Illinois farm to possess. It consists, as we are told, of upwards of seventy large quarto vols., and all by the same author. That author came into public life before he was of lawful age, and has been in public life, with few intermissions, ever since. He has travelled in many countries, and speaks many languages: He has held high stations abroad, and the most exalted at home. He has formed acquaintance with the most illustrious scholars and statesmen of Europe, for the last century—and with all the affairs of men of his own country, in his knowledge he is most familiar. From the moment of his first entrance into public life, until the present time, he has kept a written record of the events of each day of his life; and the whole of his "life and times," new extends, as above mentioned, to more than seventy huge quarto volumes. Need we name the author? None can mistake the man. The able, the fearless, the learned, the eloquent, the dauntless JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. No other American would have performed such a labor—no one could have done it as he has done. What a rich inheritance will that work be for the future historian, the politician, the antiquary! We should like much to look into it even now. What a mass of manuscript for a single hand, and what a variety of matter! Political and philosophical—historical and biographical—literature and diplomacy—travelling diaries and cabinet colloquies—lectures upon rhetoric, and treatises upon weights and measures—ballads, lyrics, and anti-masonry! What a compound! And alas! how many poor fellows, dead and living, would find themselves metaphorically flayed, could they but run over some of the pages of the seventy volumes!—N. K. Com.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.—The remains of this illustrious man, the Father and the Saviour of his country, were recently placed in the sarcophagus, made by Mr. Struthers of this city, from whom we learn, that when the vault and coffin were opened, "where they had laid him," the sacred form of Washington was discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. The high pale brow bore a calm and serene expression; and the lips pressed still together, had a grave and solemn smile, such as they doubtless wore, when the First President gave up his blameless mortal life, for an immortal existence—

"When his soft breath, with pain,
Was yielded to the elements again."

The impressive aspect of the great Departed, overpowered the man whose lot it was to transfer the hallowed dust to its last tenement, and he was unable to conceal his emotions. He placed his hand upon the ample forehead, once highest in the ranks of battle, or throbbing with the cares of an infant Empire; and he lamented, we doubt not, that the voice of fame, could not provide that silent clay to life again, or pour its tones of revival into the dull, cold ear of Death. The last acts of patriotic sepulture were thus consummated; and the figure, which we can scarcely dissociate from an apotheosis consigned to its low, dim mansion, to be seen no more until mortal shall put on immortality, and the vesture of decay be changed to the bright garments of endless incorruption.—Philadelphia Gaz.

A Paddy went a hunting and chanced to get alongside of a frog pond, and seeing a squirrel ahead drew up, and says he, "now my swate darling, I'll give you a dose of Irish pepper sauce," when a bull frog from the pond, bawled out "you lie." "Now who the d—l are ye?" enquired Pat seriously, and at the same time throwing down his gun and rolling up his sleeves—"that's more than I'll take of any man in old Ireland, an' I'll take it of no man here sure—Now, by St. Patrick, if you're a man come forward, an' we'll see who's the liar."

"GONE OUT."—A person calling one day on a gentleman at the west end of the town, where his visits were more frequent than welcome, was told by the servant that her master had gone out. "Oh, well, never mind, I'll speak to your mistress." "She is also gone out, sir." The gentleman not willing to be denied admission, said, "As it was a cold day, he would stop in and sit down by the fire a few minutes." "Ah! sir, but that is gone out too," replied the girl.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Great Meeting of the friends of the Patriot cause in Cleveland.—On the evening of the 1st of January, pursuant to a call posted up about the streets of the city, at an early hour the court house was filled to overflowing by the friends of the Canadian cause.

On motion, Mr. J. R. St. John was called to the Chair, and Mr. Samuel Cook assisted as Vice President. Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Lawson appointed Secretaries.

After some appropriate remarks from the Chair, the Rev. Mr. Willey addressed the meeting in an eloquent and animated speech in favor of the Patriots.

General Sutherland, from the Patriot Camp at Navy Island, was then announced to the meeting, and the loud, long and enthusiastic cheers which welcomed him, attested the sympathy of our citizens with his cause; in an able, clear manner, he laid before those assembled, the condition of the Canadas, their wants and desires, and the hopes which animated them to the struggle for freedom from a foreign despotism.

On motion of Mr. Briggs, a committee of three was appointed to report resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, and Messrs. Bolton, Briggs and Smith were appointed said Committee, who, after a few moments absence reported the following.

Resolved, That the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and that such vigilance cannot exist without a strong sympathy with the interests of liberty in every country.

Resolved, That we feel a deep solicitude in the struggle now going on in Canada, to resist oppression, and secure the benefits of a representative Government to the inhabitants of that country; and that we are called upon by the most precious ties of humanity to manifest our solicitude in every form consistent with our laws, for the encouragement and support of those who are engaged in this sacred struggle.

Resolved, That we have just cause of alarm for the safety of our unoffending brethren adjacent to the Canada frontier when we learn that large bands of blood-thirsty savages in their vicinity are stimulated to the indiscriminate exercise of their ferocity, by pecuniary rewards offered for human scalps; and when the royal commander now concentrating his forces within gun shot of our settlements publicly approves of employing these savages, as a measure replete with wisdom, and expresses an infernal joy in anticipating the echoes of the warwhoop.

Be it, therefore, resolved, as the sense of the people here assembled, That we cannot discover in any law or treaty, any provision which should forbid us from actively expressing our sympathies by contributing provisions, clothing or money, to mitigate the distresses of those whose families and homes have thus been subjected to the atrocities of savage warfare—warfare akin to that murderous strife which these same tribes instigated by Tories still more savage, waged in blood and fire and torture upon the frontiers of these states, while struggling for freedom and independence.

Resolved, That in thus pledging our efforts in the cause of humanity—in thus contributing to relieve the sufferings of our neighbors, by money, provisions, or clothing, we cannot believe that Great Britain herself can tax us seriously by violating law or treaty, by organizing armies like those which were openly formed on the British shores to subvert the Spanish power in South America and subserve her own interests notwithstanding the treaties existing between herself and the Spanish nation.

Resolved, That we learn with indignation and regret that our fellow citizens along the Lower Canada frontier are threatened with the murder of their persons and the conflagration of their villages, for exercising the sympathies, hospitalities, and rights of all American citizens, by the minions of the same tyrannic authority which is paramount in Upper Canada, and that as we are in common peril with them, we will, in every extremity make their cause our own.

Resolved, That we learn with indignation and alarm, the hostile attitude which the Loyalists have assumed in relation to our neighbors of Buffalo, rendering it necessary to raise and maintain an armed force in that city to protect the property and lives of our fellow citizens from lawless and unprovoked violence.

After the resolutions were read and enthusiastically adopted, it was moved that a committee of twenty-one be appointed to receive donations for the benefit of the Patriots, when the following gentlemen were named said committee: J. Ingraham, J. R. St. John, J. A. Craw, Capt. J. G. McCurdy, Geo. A. Benedict, E. S. Bemis, J. J. Davies, J. Williams, Dr. A. D. Smith, J. A. Briggs, Col. R. R. Backus, Geo. C. Davies, H. W. Lawson, C. Stillman, B.

Harrington, A. H. Lewis, A. P. Curtis, W. G. Lewis, D. Harsh, Tom Le-men, J. T. Foster.

The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen ably and patriotically, and closed by Mr. St. John, with remarks suitable to the occasion.

J. R. ST. JOHN, Pres't.
SAMUEL COOK, Vice do

T. INGRAHAM,
F. W. LAWSON, Secretaries.

For the Maumee Express.

UPPER CANADA, AND CANADIAN GRIEVANCES.

The Canadians, both in Upper and Lower Canada, it seems, have taken up arms against the British Government, in defence of their rights, and as it is a matter in which many on this side the waters feel an interest, though they appear to know but little about the grievances of the Canadians, it may perhaps be satisfactory for them to know on what grounds the people have arrayed themselves against the little aristocracy of Upper Canada. I will therefore attempt to give an account of a few of the many difficulties under which the Canadians have been struggling for many years past.

I am a native of Upper Canada, was born at the head of Lake Ontario, now Hamilton, in the District of Gore. I have lived there twenty-six years, and for twelve years past have had a good opportunity of becoming familiar with the operations of the Government party, my father having been a member of Parliament for sixteen years, and in public life in Upper Canada some thirty years.

Shortly after the war between Great Britain and the United States was closed, a proud, tyrannical, imperious British officer by the name of Gore, was sent over from Great Britain to govern the people of Upper Canada. He was of course, as every foreigner must necessarily be, entirely ignorant of the wants of the people and of the country, having never seen either, previous to his arrival.

The first thing he did was to ask the advice of the little aristocracy at York, (now Toronto,) in what manner he should proceed. This aristocracy was principally made up of some of the bitter Tories and their sons, who fled to Canada for protection during the revolution. These wicked aspiring aristocrats in order that they might fatten themselves upon the labors of the poor, and wallow in every kind of wealth and luxury, told His Excellency the People wanted this, and the People wanted that—he, not knowing any thing about the country or the people's wants, took it for granted that all was right when at the same time, almost every law that was made was in direct opposition to the wishes and feelings of the people.

The majority of the House of Parliament at that time being composed of Ministerial Sycophants and the Legislative Council being chosen by His Excellency Governor Gore, must consequently be made up of the right kind of material to perpetuate the little Oligarchy.—His Excellency has also the power and exclusive right to appoint Justices of the Peace, Sheriffs, Judges of the different courts, Grand Jurors, Constables, in short, every officer in the land except the members of the lower House. These are chosen every four years by the freeholders. The election occupies six days, and is held only in one place in each county, many of the counties being seventy miles in extent, so that in all probability more than one third of the electors in the province are not represented, being unable to travel so great a distance to give in their suffrages. But the Government candidates have always had their runners out with wagons and carriages, in all directions, to bring their voters to the polls, free of all charges, or expenses, besides paying all their tavern bills &c. I have known the election of many of these supercilious monsters of iniquity, to have cost them several thousand dollars. This same money, I am fully convinced, is indirectly paid by the Government, and ultimately comes out of the poor man's pocket.

At these elections the votes are given in by word of mouth, at a place fitted up for the purpose, something like a Bar, in which are seated the candidates and the returning officer, whose duty it is to ask the voter as he approaches the Bar, for whom he wishes to vote. The voter replies, For Mr. —. Upon what lot of land do you vote? I vote on lot No. —, in concession — and in the township of —. This the voter swears to, if the returning officer requires it. His name is then registered with the other items, by the clerk of the Polls. It is customary then for the candidates for whom he voted to thank him for his support, and if he is an ordinary man, to give him a shilling or two to treat himself with.

It is likewise a very common thing at these elections, for the Tory candidates to have Orange Mobs stationed at the polls to insult, and frequently knock down the independent voters, to prevent them from voting. This, too, is all done in open sight of the Sheriffs and other Peace Officers. These are facts, and I presume there are many in this country who can vouch for their correctness.

It must, therefore, be clear to the mind of every one, that the People do not in truth elect even those who pretend to represent them, for a large portion of